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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

**A Gain of**  
**36,213**  
**PER DAY.**

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891.....9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891.....10,331,420

Total gain for December, 1891.....1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891.....297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891.....333,271.

TOTAL GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891.....36,213.

OUTLAWRY ON THE WANE.

Seven of the outlaws of New York upon whom THE EVENING WORLD has been turning its search-light have closed their dens. One, Mr. CARLY WELCH, is running his place on half time. This looks like a substantial victory, but the search-light will by no means be laid aside at this point.

There are chances that more than one of the outlaw proprietors of the dens now closed may presently think the opportunity ripe for a reappearing. In any such event, the penetrating rays of that light will again be thrown where they seem to be required.

Mr. BILLY MCGLOTHY enjoys the distinction which he has amply earned, of being the first of the exposed outlaws to seek the seclusion to be found within penitentiary walls. He will have a year to reflect upon the vicissitudes of his crooked career, and to debate within himself as to whether a candle won't be a bit of an overpayment for the game.

As for the other fellows, they will do well to profit by McGlothly's experience. It wouldn't be pleasant for them to find their lines cut in similar places.

New York's outlaws must go and go for good.

CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL QUESTION.

The question of the wisdom and propriety of allowing young women to teach classes in Chinese Sunday-schools has been very earnestly debated, on one side and the other, within a few months past, in New York and elsewhere. And there has been such an array of facts and circumstances, and such an array of arguments on the part of those who oppose the practice of allowing such teaching and association as to convince a large number of people that their position is the right one.

A Los Angeles despatch of this morning presents fresh material for this question. In the city named, MAY FOSTER, the pretty daughter of respectable parents, insists upon marrying. In Liao, a Chinese merchant, to whom she has taught English and religion in Sunday-school.

Liao secured a license to marry, but the Clerk who issued it found it illegal, as an amendment to the Code classes Mongolians with negroes and mulattoes. Now the Chinaman proposes to marry by contract, and the foolish girl has agreed to wed him. She is nineteen years old.

The girl's marriage will ostracize her socially, and besides that the thought of such a union is repugnant in every way to healthy American sense and sentiment. It is certainly true that associations of this kind tend to such infatuation and such a union are not properly to be encouraged. A decisive line must be drawn where doubtful efforts at Chinese conversion involve the sacrifice of American girls.

Because a Court at Newark was kind to CHARLES QUACKENBUSH some months ago he was able yesterday to carry out the determination he at that time expressed to the officer who arrested him. He was taken up for assaulting his wife with a hatchet. He had determined to kill the woman, he said, and would do it. He was put under bonds, proceeded to jump his bail, was never brought to trial and at Newark, yesterday, he and his pistol did bloody execution. After mortally wounding his wife, he killed himself. Some day the law may learn how to treat

the murderously disposed as well as the actual murderer.

Ten thousand people saw a Georgia murderer hanged yesterday. New York's law, in intent, abhors such a brutal public spectacle. But there are many questions, letting a few thousands see a hanging, or presenting before millions the spectacle of desperate murderers easily delaying and perhaps avoiding the penalties for their crimes through the dexterous legal juggling of their counsel?

What a tortuous form of death to a strong man, this being imprisoned in the dark, murky passage of a name, with no way of escaping or drawing a breath of pure air. Nothing for the mind to consider but an awful end of life, nothing for the lungs but the poisonous gas which at every inhalation brings that end nearer.

A Pittsburg husband and father, arrested for drunkenness and abusing his wife, was saved from punishment by the special pleading in court of his thirteen-year-old daughter. He promised to reform, and if he breaks his promise he is least of all men deserving of such a daughter.

A contemporary remarks peacefully on the "earnest and successful plan for mercy" made by McGlothly's counsel. This is finely humorous, considering the fact that McGlothly got the full penalty, having a beggarly \$200 slice of the possible \$500 fine.

HUNTERS DIANA, the Madison Square Garden tower, will never keep watchful above a brighter throng than the seven thousand working girls who danced all by themselves, with no troublesome man about, last night in the Garden amphitheatre.

Egypt's new Khedive is but seventeen years old. But as Great Britain continues to be the power behind the throne, the age of the figure-head ruler is a matter of small moment to anybody but jealous France.

The Republican faction fight in New York State is growing finely ferocious. If each Millard and each Plattine keeps to the job of his threats they will leave no Republican scalp for the Democracy to take in '92.

Bulgaria, it is said, may rescind the decree of expulsion against M. C. K. K. K. on condition that he won't come back. An exceedingly gratifying concession to M. C. K. K. K., however, it may impress France.

Money and plenty of it is what the Farmers' Alliance is after, according to its memorial to Congress. It appears then, after all, that the Alliance is not a unique body among men.

Notwithstanding a report to the contrary, there has been no change in the price of the Daily or Sunday World to new subscribers. The price remains the same as heretofore.

Two sisters who had lived together sixty years died one within fifteen minutes of the other at Wilkes-Barre, Thursday. "In death," even, "they were not divided."

John Bull is catching his share of the fleecy, too. It's pretty near a world-wide snowstorm this time.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner BRENNAN does well with the snow shovel.

But Sgt. Dunn is "in it."

Dr. Gardner claims to have discovered that monkeys talk about the weather. The type of weather Jerry Hunkishus is enough to make claims refer to with scorn.

Sherman's Frozen Grip.

Just think of the many able young Republicans who have been looking calmly on Sherman's return and died of old age before the old fellow manifested any inclination to let go and give youth and ambition a shove!

And Is It American Tin?

It doesn't sound whether or not the new White House china is marked "Harrison." The real question is: Where was the kitchen tinware made?

Reporting of Peffer.

Reporting at leisure is a phrase well understood in Kansas. It means Peffer until 1895.

Not Bad Alone for the Poets.

Mr. Jules Lemaitre predicts that by the year 2000 there will be no more poets. This is not quite as bad as Prof. Totten, of Yale, makes out the case, for he declares that by that time there will be none of us, poetical or unpoetical, left on the plane.

A Wonderful Kindness Explained.

Prof. Egan continues to offer an asylum to cutthroat desperadoes, although peace now prevails in the country and the civil courts have resumed their functions. But Egan has been a fugitive from justice himself, and appreciates the danger of being caught.

As to Ladies' Postal Cards.

Wanamaker's ladies' postal card is called "the ladies' card." They ought to call it "the lady's card." What the ladies want is a postal card as big as an Indiana waffle, with the privilege of writing both ways out on both sides of it.

**After the Grip**

Convenience is very slow, and to recover the health one a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used with wonderful success as a health-giving medicine and blood-purifier after attacks of the Grip, after Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia or other prostrating disease. It possesses just the building-up effect so much needed, it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the kidneys and stimulates the liver so that they resume regular and healthy action. Thousands of people have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

As a preventive of the Grip with success. Thousands have found in its restoration to health and strength after this dreaded complaint.

## LED BY WIVES' WIT.

Feminine Symposium on the Topic of Husband-Managing.

Wives, Widows and Maids Exploit Their Theories.

A Charming Contest Open to All "Evening World" Readers.

Husband-managing is a matter that comes close to every feminine heart. She who has a husband to manage has a vital concern in keeping him in the paths which commend themselves to her judgment, while she who has not yet assumed the matrimonial yoke looks to do so, and to control and manage her husband as her sisters do and have done.

To the end, therefore, of making a consensus of the views of the women of New York and its vicinity upon this important topic, the EVENING WORLD invites contributions from its feminine readers upon the conditions named below.

Beats upon domestic happiness, endures of utility devotion, or relations of experience of interest to none but those immediately concerned are not desired. Writers should confine themselves strictly to discussion of the question, "How to Manage a Husband," with all that that implies to a woman.

CONDICTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who shows best "How to Manage a Husband." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address, and be accompanied by publication, and be directed to HUSBAND EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, PULITZER BUILDING.

Advice, Never Dictate.

First of all, thoroughly study your husband's disposition, for on understanding him well depends your success. Always be cheerful, gentle and kind; show appreciation for his every kind act.

Be careful of your personal appearance, keep your house tidy and avoid housecleaning when he is at home. Have his meals ready when he is at home, and have his work ready when he is out.

Always be at home to receive him when he returns from his day's work. Do not let him find you away from home, and avoid annoying him with little household duties.

Refrain from complaining of your dress, and do not let him know that you are not satisfied with him. Make no mention of your list of things he should do, or of the things which he is doing, and always receive his friends cordially. Never find fault with him, and never let him know that you are doing so.

Advice, never dictate. In giving him his own way many times you will gain yours.

It's Easy, If You Love Him.

The best way to manage a husband is to love him truly and sincerely. Consider it your first duty to study that he is made comfortable and happy. Study his tastes in preference to your own. Never deceive him, never provoke or aggravate him.

When he comes home tired or ill, honor him, and comfort him. Never as a woman like to be humored, and the woman who honors her husband is sure to get the kind of return which she deserves.

Never seem to try to manage your husband. Men as a rule hate to be managed, but the woman who manages herself as to keep him in the paths of duty and to keep him from doing anything which he is not capable of doing, and never fails of having seen him and heaven knows how well.

The main thing is to study his habits. Never cross him, whatever he does or says.

Flatter His Vanity.

To begin with, you must, before and after you have married the man you are to call your husband, study his ways. You should know what he likes best for his meals, and if he is a man that is accustomed to staying out late at nights, find out whether or not he cares for your staying up and waiting for his return or quietly going to bed before he comes in.

When he is tired, let him do something which you know pleases him. Do not seem to be doing anything for him, but let him know that you are doing so.

Do not quarrel with him, and never fail of having seen him and heaven knows how well.

The main thing is to study his habits. Never cross him, whatever he does or says.

Keep Him in Good Humor.

Do not expect too much from your husband, and never always get at him with him, and management will be an easy matter. Confine fault-finding to one of the greatest mistakes a woman can commit. If she wishes to retain her influence over her husband, she must not quarrel with him, and never fail of having seen him and heaven knows how well.

The main thing is to study his habits. Never cross him, whatever he does or says.

Coaxing and Petting Will Do It.

Of course, we all understand that there are husbands and husbands, and some are much more easily managed than others. I must say that I have had no difficulty thus far in managing mine, and I believe he represents a very large class.

The beauty of it is he doesn't know that he is being managed, and actually thinks he is having his own way about everything.

A woman of ordinary insight and shrewdness can see through a man in an instant, and if she only uses this superior sagacity judiciously she need never be any question about who is in control.

My advice is to supply a requisite amount of coaxing and petting, and you will find he will never kick out of the traces.

Mrs. A. B.

## THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE.

Nell Nelson Visits the Executive Mansion's Mistress.

Mrs. Flower Likes Companionship, but Is Not a Society Woman.

Devoted to Her Home and Interested in Charitable Work.

Mrs. Flower, wife of the Governor, mistress of the Executive Mansion and first lady in the State, has many of the characteristics that men most admire in women.

There are people in this world who would rather be alone than to be with anyone. It is perfect misery for her to be obliged to make even the shortest journey alone, to go shopping by herself or to be in a carriage, parlor, theatre or railroad car unaccompanied for any length of time. When visitors are announced and there are no members of her family at home to help receive them, she excuses herself rather than go through the painful ordeal of "seeing them alone."

All through her married life Mr. Flower was accustomed to do his full share of society work for the family, and thought nothing of putting aside the morning paper and going down to the parlor of the hotel or his home with his third wife to see what the caller wanted so early in the day. She did not mind letting him run away as soon as he was tired, but she never liked to go alone, and the more she thought of the trouble of accepting any but her intimate friends, of course, she has no such feelings, but she is shy of the public and fearful of being among strangers.

It is doubtful if any of the multitudes who will visit the State-Home in Albany, even with cards and letters of introduction, will succeed in seeing Mrs. Flower alone. If the Governor is engaged, if his daughter is not in town, or if her sister or her niece is not available, the staid Frank, who is custodian of the big front door and splendid hallways, will see that the guest, no matter how distinguished, does not get beyond his highly balanced, heavy silver salver.

Considering the fact that she was born, schooled and married in the State, saw a great deal of Washington life and has traveled extensively in Europe, this timidity in a cosmopolitan lady is refreshing as well as remarkable.

For all her love of companionship and dependence on others, Mrs. Flower is not a society woman. She prefers home life to any other existence and manages as only a loving woman can to have all her invitations accepted without the trouble of accepting any but her intimate friends.

The wife of Gov. Flower is a tall, slender lady about fifty years of age. Protruded nose, deep-set eyes, and a mouth which is almost too large for her face, but her health that she is not able to endure the strain of fashionable life. Unlike the average woman of her age, she does not believe in adding the melancholy of a black dress to the affliction of rheumatism. "If I cannot help it," she says, "I will wear a black dress, but I should look so, is her theory. She considers black depressing not only in its general but individual influence, an opinion that all children and most men share.

As an illustration of her delicate consideration for others, she is most cheerful in her dress when she is alone.

That is good philosophy and good medical science. We recommend it to the cranking as well as the ailing women who go about the house in woolen gowns with their shoulders done up in old woolen shawls.

Mrs. Flower's favorite color is blue, which she wears on every possible occasion. She gets a shade as light as a turquoise for evening, and tones down what she calls "the too girly effect" with black velvet and white mull or lace.

Her house gowns are made of crepe or cashmere, and the peacock blue, she selects the Persian blues for afternoon dresses, and navy or indigo blue for the cloth suits she wears when she goes shopping or travelling. Whatever the shade may be, her dress always looks well and its well. More than that, it has the cheerful effect she desires it to have on her guests, and it takes ten years of age from her appearance.

When she wants to look her very best she puts on a very dark red velvet dress. This is when her favorite color comes in, and she does look very pretty.

The color for ceremonious gatherings is, however, generally black mull or satin, but it is brightened with blue, pink or green, softened by draperies and festoons of silk net.

The most attractive thing about the hostess of the State mansion is her womanliness. The work women are doing in literary, dramatic, musical, religious, in social, economic, political and reform leagues; in societies for the higher education of police officers, patronage of the working girl, preservation of the birds and prevention of cruelty to animals; in temperance unions; in summing parties; in street-cleaning clubs; in child-care societies; in the many other ways in which she is interested, but not in sympathy, she doesn't belong to any club, doesn't believe in universal suffrage or prohibition. She wouldn't go to the polls even to help elect her own husband, and nothing could induce her to go to the polls even to help elect her own husband, and nothing could induce her to go to the polls even to help elect her own husband.

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colonial parlors in white and gold frames, nor would she hesitate to "take an end" and turn a jumping rope all afternoon in a second-avenue playground for a lot of wild little girls.

She hates the masculine woman, she abhors the ladder girl and she detests the female who is a jolly good fellow and allows herself to be treated like one of the boys.

She never meets the woman who has a "mission" if she knows she is coming, and the further she can get from the woman who represents a reform or advocate of any sort; I am not in politics, not holding office, and have no more political influence in the capital than I have in the Reichstag.

If the ladies who run up to Albany to lobby expect nothing from Mrs. Flower in the way of sympathy, they will not be disappointed. Every item of legislative work will be covered by the Governor and Legislature.

Her ideas on letter-writing are not half bad. "Women are too reckless with their pens to be allowed much letter paper. If general correspondence were confined to the visiting card and limited to the dimensions of the visiting card much trouble and embarrassment would be saved. I would suggest using the dainty and tasteful sheets of note paper when writing to grocers, milliners and other shopkeepers. Women write things in letters to me that never should be mentioned outside of the family. It is human nature to open the heart, to confide, to crave sympathy—it is also bad judgment to do it in pen and ink. I recognize the honor paid me in trusts of this sort, but I don't generally like being made a receptacle for domestic troubles, misgivings and presentiments."

"If people, women and girls especially, would make a vow never to write a personal letter when they felt bad, had indignation and nothing else to do, reputations would be better and regrets economized. Long letters should be discouraged among friends as well as acquaintances, and even then the more impersonal they are the safer it is for the writer."

On the subject of woman's relation to home, it is the opinion of this charming lady that there should be more of her personality reflected by the room, the furniture, the table and the very atmosphere of her surroundings. She need not do any drudgery, or she may do it all, but she should have a way about her that every corner, book, dish and article would make manifest. "People who board, never run around, never eat, play elephant and carry their trunk from one hotel to another exist and may enjoy the existence, but to live you must have a house of your own, and to be happy you must have a home."

NELL NELSON.

THE CLEANER.

God, "Bob" Ingersoll is known to all the professional beneficiaries in the vicinity of Wall street as a person of warm and generous impulses, especially during the holiday season. He always carries around a pocketful of five-cent pieces, and he will give down after it at the slightest provocation. He seldom stops to investigate cases when there seems to be a call for charity.

Messrs P. Handy's Bowling Alley whisks will be used from the present until the chair of the Club of the City, Philadelphia, Col. A. K. McClure has been unanimously elected to succeed him. The decennial anniversary dinner of the Club will be held Jan. 21.

I see that Thomas P. Noonan is to have the support of the Democratic Assemblymen from Hudson County, N. J., for the post of clerk of the House. Tom is a very popular man and has made great strides up the ladder of fame. He was formerly a newspaper man and supplied New York newspapers with news from Jersey City.

Domestic wine producers are making continual progress. There are now able to make a very respectable imitation of Chianti from home-grown grapes, which has a flavor so closely resembling that of the Italian wine that it takes an expert to detect the difference. They also put it up in handsome basket flasks which look just like the genuine Chianti in most of the cheap Italian restaurants in town, and the importations of the real article have fallen off in consequence.

Yale is becoming pre-eminent the college for New York boys, as the last catalogue shows. A large number of well-known New York family names appear among the lists of students in various classes of the academic department, and the number of graduates is becoming very large.